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The Ancient Ones



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Chapter 1 by Criz

"Three men walk into a bar... a Rabbi, a Priest, and a Pastor..." I mumbled to myself.

When does this kind of thing ever happen? I mean sure, every other joke in your uncles back pocket, the same rhetoric is spouted but in real life? I can't believe I'm seeing this, like an eclipse I mustn't look but yet, I'm completely drawn to their actions. I need to follow them, I need to know if the legends are true. If there's one thing I do tonight, it's finding out what really happens behind that closed door.

I follow them with caution, glimpsing every now and then over my shoulder, making sure I'm the only one seeing this spectacle. I take a seat at the opposite end of the bar.

"What'll be tonight, slim?" asked the bartender.

Too enthralled with my sneaky eavesdropping on the trio I barely remember ordering, the usual "Beer" probably floated up under my breath. I crept closer to them, one bar-stool at a time, no one taking notice of my stealthy actions. "James Bond up in this bitch!" I thought to myself, amused by own sleuthing.

They look like they're deep in conversation but I can't really hear what they're saying. As I get a little closer I'm overcome with a sense of confusion. Panic sets over me. "They...they're talking in code?"

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